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CITY OF EVANSVILLE.

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THOMAS H. BENTON.

"Oh! there are men who linger on the stage
To gather crumbs and fragments of applause,
When they should sleep in earth, who like the moon
Have brightened up some little night of time,
And 'stead of setting when their light is worn,
Still linger like its blank and beamless orb,
When day-light fills the sky."

As antiquarians gather around the remains of some huge mastodon, so the Abolitionists and Whigs surround Thomas H. Benton. Late events have exhumed the bones of this venerable monstrosity, and given some slight importance to its ravings. As the poetry at the head of the article says, Benton has lived too long. Coriolanus should have died ere he joined the Volscii. Benton should have retired, as the sun sets, ere he learnt himself to play the weathercock to Friesoil gales. History informs us that Benton was a distinguished man once—the present generation scarcely know him otherwise than as a raving political bully, roaring like a goaded bull at the slightest trifle; a disorganizer, a factionist. A Macedonian once appealed from Philip drunk to Philip sober. In the case of Benton, it is safe to appeal from Benton of 1854 to Benton of 1852, and passim before that date.

Benton's views are of no importance now to any Democrat save a small squad in Missouri, but as a matter of biographical curiosity it is well to note a few peculiarities. The richest leaf in Benton's "Thirty Years History" will be the pages which will describe his own metamorphoses. Like many other men, great and small, Benton is ambitious. We are told that angels fell by ambition, so we need not be surprised that such a man as Benton should also fall. Benton's political character is two-fold—that of reformer and that of aspirant to the Presidency. He is a compound of Joe Smith and Wm. H. Seward. The duality produces as strange an image as the prophetic monster described in the Holy Book. In the character of reform, Benton opposes Democratic Conventions. The reason is found in his other character as aspirant; for how could Thomas H. Benton ever get the nomination from a Convention? This duality affords the key to all of Benton's acts. The two phases are complements of each other, and produce a curious combination, one just as strange as that hydrogen, the most inflammable of substances, and oxygen, without which there could be no fire, yet combined, produces water, which puts fire out.

Col. Benton's late Nebraska harangue was heralded as a scorcher. He was to raise the roof off of the rotunda, if the House would not allow him to speak more than an hour. He was to fell, another Milo, the Nebraska ox, at one blow. Benton was to out Bentonize Benton. Good for the truth of fables! The execution has disgraced the high-sounding proclamation. Benton has failed, and even his sooty relatives palely acknowledge the lamentable fact. It is raising a man of straw against a strong man, to rear the Benton of '54 against him of former days. Mr. Benton opposed bitterly the Compromise measures of 1850. In 1852 he denounced the Missouri Compromise. He said it was in "the tomb of the Capulets," yet now, two years later, Benton is the oracle of praise for the Compromise of 1820. He came into the Union on this Compromise, and would stand by it! Wonderful change of opinion! Even in his own speech Benton shows that six "fine counties" were cut off from free soil, and added to Missouri slave soil. A very sacred contract, bargain, compact, compromise, that admits of alteration at the pleasure of Missouri. Benton evidently wants to play the part of Richard the Third in this tragedy of Nebraska. We can imagine him soliloquizing poetically, in the following appropriate language.

Let it be remembered that Abolitionism lives only in tumults, "dreadful marches," "grim visaged war," &c., and that Douglas is the "Sun of York," and the single felicity of the quotation is apparent:

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarms change to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war has smoothed his wrinkled front;

I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that solemely and unfashionable,
That does bark at me, as I halt by them:—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity;
And therefore—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
I am determin'd to prove a villain.